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DEC 27

EDITORIAL

BAD DEBT, GOOD DEBT

Bad debt driving out good debt—that may well be a result of the gulf crisis, war or no war. The noncombat cost of Operation Desert Shield is currently projected at $31 billion for the 1991 fiscal year, of which the United States will have to kick in between $10 billion and $20 billion. That's a trifle more than the $5 billion that the Administration estimated as the U.S. share in November, and it's money we don't have. The choice for government is a familiar one: Borrow or tax. And the answer from the White House is likely to be familiar as well: Borrow. Increased taxes—some on Capitol Hill are talking about a war surtax—would only make it tougher for President Bush to sell his gulf policy.

With a growing recession and the rising costs of the S&L bailout, the 1991 deficit is now predicted to reach a record $253 billion. This news has already set off cries of alarm. But partisan handwringing about the deficit misses a crucial fact: Not all deficits are bad; it depends on how the borrowed money is used. In a capitalist system businesses borrow all the time in order to become more productive. Societies can do the same. The trick is borrowing in the right amounts to invest in goods and services that will yield a future return. In the case of government, that means health care, education, roads and bridges, scientific research and other human and capital improvements rather than gas masks, tanks and Stealth bombers.

Borrowing for war will squeeze out borrowing for needed capital improvements. Charging Desert Shield to Visa could also tie up resources needed to fight the recession and help the jobless. That's why a peaceful resolution to the gulf crisis is essential. It would win the release of another hostage: the U.S. economy.

SAYONARA MCA
Herbert I. Schiller

U.S. NUKES IN THE GULF
William M. Arkin

POLITICIZE THE FED
Bernard D. Nossiter

A LIFE IN THE PARTY
Vivian Gornick

TALES OF THE HOLOCAUST
Gabriel Motola

TITIAN
Arthur C. Danto

CHECKBOOK FATERNITY

WHEN IS A MOTHER NOT A MOTHER?

KATHA POLLITT

To the small and curious class of English words that have double and contradictory meanings—"moot," for example, and "cleave"—the word "mother" can now be added. Within the space of a single dazzling week this fall, this hoary old noun was redefined so thoroughly, in such mutually exclusive ways, that what it means now depends on which edition of the newspaper you read.

On October 23 in Orange County, California, Superior Court Judge Richard Parslow decided that the rightful mother of Baby Boy Johnson was not Anna Johnson, the black "gestational surrogate" who, for $10,000, carried him and birthed him, but Crispina Calvert, the wombless Asian-born woman who provided the egg from which, after in vitro fertilization with her (white) husband's sperm and implantation in Ms. Johnson, the baby grew. Declining, he said, to play Solomon and put the baby in the "crazy-making" position of having "two mothers"—or to follow California law, which defines the mother as the woman who gives birth to the child—Judge Parslow ruled that genes make the mom, as they do the dad. Anna Johnson was merely a kind of foster mother, a "home," an "environment."

One wonders what Judge Parslow would make of a headline two days later. "Menopause Is Found No Bar to Pregnancy" announced *The New York Times*, reporting that doctors had succeeded in making six prematurely

(*Cont. on p. 840*)

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EDITORIALS.

Real Linkage

Whatever the size and shape of the conflict in the Persian Gulf—big war or messy settlement—its ultimate resolution is bound to recast the contours of the Israeli-Palestinian struggle across the Arabian wastes. "Linkage" of the two situations is already a fact on the ground, if not on the diplomatic agenda. While the armies of the gulf are still massing, Syria has parlayed its participation in President Bush's grand coalition into a military takeover of Beirut accompanied by a billion-dollar Saudi aid package suitable for further conquest. Israel's Prime Minister Shamir just finished a frantic bout of threats and pleadings to keep the fabulous Bush and Baker boys from selling out his country's interests on the road to Baghdad.

Supporters of Israel's hard-line government fairly froth when they hear the dreaded "linkage" line because they know that once the United States lets the United Nations

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nal speed, and the movement is accelerating.

The sources of creativity and expression are being assembled into colossal economic groupings, unaccountable to any public institution or authority. Vast private empires now preside over most of the creative activity undertaken in this country. The corporate voice dominates the land. Freedom of speech is reinterpreted to mean the corporate speaker. The daily instruction of most Americans is now in the hands not of the schools but of the corporate multimedia packagers.

The issue is not the nationality of the media property owner. It is the awesome concentration and control, domestically and globally, by private economic power, of the apparatus of human consciousness production. The sale of MCA/Universal to Matsushita makes a grave cultural condition worse. HERBERT I. SCHILLER

Herbert I. Schiller is professor emeritus of communication at the University of California, San Diego.

Unease in Egypt

Cairo

Just a short time ago, it would have been difficult to imagine a more unlikely bunch of revolutionaries than the Kuwaitis. But here they are, 3,000 of them, packed to the rafters at the Zamalek Club volleyball gymnasium in a fashionable Cairo suburb, waving flags and clamoring for war. "Hosni Mubarak could be elected President of Kuwait tomorrow," wisecracked a member of Egypt's outlawed Muslim Brotherhood a few days before the early December gymnasium rally. And as if to prove the point, dozens of portraits of the Egyptian leader have been hung from the walls, and the mere mention of his name elicits an even louder huzzah than that of Kuwait's Sheik Jaber al-Ahmed al-Sabah himself. Whatever dissent may reside here in the Egyptian capital from the notion that Mubarak is a hero of the gulf crisis, it is discreetly out of sight tonight.

Noticeable, however, among the cheering courtside masses, many of them clad in Benetton's new line of "Free Kuwait" sweatshirts, is the absence of Egyptian faces. All the war talk emanating from Washington and Baghdad over the past few weeks, culminating in the passage of U.N. Security Council Resolution 678, is beginning to fray Egyptian nerves as the putative consensus supporting the liberation of Kuwait is tested for the first time.

Egypt has dispatched more than 16,000 troops to the Saudi desert and has been, from August 2 onward, the most reliable Arab ally of the United States and the other countries that make up the multinational force. Yet in Cairo cafes and teashops, as well as in the dusty offices of opposition parties and newspapers, conversation has shifted from ritual denunciations of Saddam to perplexity over what Egyptian troops will be expected to do if hostilities break out and what exactly their presence is supposed to accomplish. "The government says that Egyptian troops have been sent to guard the holy places," remarks Mamoun el-Hudaibi, who was until recently parliamentary leader of the Muslim Brotherhood, "yet they insist that the American troops are far away from the holy places." He adds, "The Americans didn't come to make peace. They came to swallow the treasure." The treasure, of course, is the ocean of oil lying under the contested territory. (*Continued on Page 846*)

★

Why the Hostages Were Freed

With hostages there,
Iraq became where
Celebrities went
On missions that meant
Some names not so new
Came back into view
As swells used their clout
To get some folks out.

The blink of an eye
Saw Jesse drop by.
Kurt Waldheim said ciao—
Respectable now.
(Good hosts don't explore
How Kurt spent the war.)
Muhammad Ali,
Got some folks set free
And said he would send
His very good friend—
Knievel, no less—
For further egress.
John Connally, too,
Went home with a few.

"But what have we wrought?"
One shrewd Arab thought.
"It's not really clear
What's going on here—
Real foreign affairs
Or Hollywood Squares?
Let's let these guys go.
If not, don't you know
Who'll be at our door?
Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor."

Calvin Trillin

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

World by European selfishness. On December 8 *The New York Times* ran an apoplectic editorial to that effect. This is a variant of "level playing field" theory, by which, say, Nigeria would have the presumptive right to export agricultural produce to Europe or to compete with European and U.S. farmers in world markets. Meanwhile, Nigeria would, under the terms of the Uruguay Round, be forced to cut controls on cheap imported foods, drop incentives to small farmers and await the tide of imports that would overwhelm its indigenous agriculture. There can be no level playing field simultaneously accommodating the overproductive, energy-intensive agriculture of the North and the labor-intensive subsistence agriculture of the South. Is it a level playing field when First World biogenetic firms can patent seeds on which Third World farmers would be forced to pay a royalty, even though the strains were originally evolved by Third World indigenous peoples? Yet this construct of "intellectual property" was rammed through the Uruguay Round by the United States and its First World allies.

What occurred in Brussels marked an important moment in a four-year negotiation on the economic texture of the planet. The farmers in O'Reilly's bar certainly knew what had been going on and so did the textile magnates in the Carolinas. Those denied any coherent account of the bargaining were the average American news consumers, probably on the ground that trade is something too grown-up to get into the papers.

Saddam, Kuwait and Bonkerism

I wish people would stop writing to remind me that in the 1930s leftists of principle—Trotsky and Togliatti are two favorites cited by my correspondents—supported feudal Ethiopia against the invading Italians. The inference is that today leftists of principle should espouse the cause of Iraq and eschew criticism of Saddam Hussein. This is Marxism-Leninism-Bonkerism of a sort much savored by the Workers World Party, which seems to be the animating force behind the Coalition to Stop U.S. Intervention in the Middle East, decorated by Ramsey Clark. There is one clearly identifiable difference between Ethiopia then and Iraq now, namely that the former was invaded by Italy and the latter invaded Kuwait. Would Togliatti and Trotsky have been rushing forward with expressions of solidarity for Haile Selassie if he had been invading Eritrea in the 1930s?

One writer invoked Saddam, admittedly with what he called "hesitant" emotions, as a "Ba'athist Bonaparte," assigned the historic task of uprooting feudalism in Arabia just as Napoleon did in Europe. The Polish elections are only the latest reminder of the long-term consequences of revolution imposed from without, but even absent further admonitions about the role of the external proletariat or Bonapartist substitute for same, let me quote to the Not-a-Word-Against-Saddam crowd some passages of a letter I received from a woman who signed her name Haneen:

> I was heartened to learn that not everyone who is generally on the left has to be tongue-tied when it comes to condemning Saddam for his invasion of Kuwait and demanding that he leave. I am speaking as a Lebanese who believes wholeheartedly in and has worked many years for the Palestinian cause. I also happen to have grown up in Kuwait and I do oppose US hegemony and policies in the region and elsewhere. But I have felt alienated from the various coalitions against US intervention in the Middle East, particularly because they would not articulate a direct position against Saddam's invasion.
>
> The fact that these coalitions cannot take such a stand as part of their platform seems to me a bankrupt position and one which is hypocritical, particularly if they talk of "linkage." If they in fact do not call for Saddam's occupation of Kuwait to end, how then can they link the two issues? What are they linking? It is opportunistic to link the two issues if the only purpose is to liberate Palestine. Why are the Palestinians more entitled to a homeland than the Kuwaitis? . . .
>
> I have always felt critical of the way the Kuwaitis ran their country, that, for example, they did not naturalize the many Arabs and non-Arabs who worked and toiled in Kuwait for over 30 years, that their semi-apartheid practices were cruel and unjust. But anyone living in Kuwait also knows that compared with many, if not most other Arab countries today, people were living relatively "freely." . . .
>
> Whatever one may feel with regard to the Kuwaitis, nothing, in my view, justifies eradicating a nation and a nationhood, killing people for it, impoverishing millions, incarcerating and torturing young men, and then putting it all under the banner of Arab nationalism.

Meanwhile, segments of the American left are managing the truly incredible feat of putting themselves at odds with the 70 or so percent of Americans who oppose war in the Middle East. This popular majority takes the sensible position that Saddam Hussein is a bad fellow who was wrong to seize Kuwait and who should be evicted by U.N. sanctions, but it doesn't support the launching of a war.

Ingeniously finding a way to outflank this admirable position, the Bonkerists insist that Saddam and Iraq not be criticized, thus instantly placing themselves in an immoral and tactically impossible situation, as anyone talking about the crisis on television or radio will understand. The Bonkerists also see the U.N. purely as a U.S. cat's-paw.

The end result of this is the denunciation by the Bonkerists of anyone approving of sanctions or critical of Iraq as a "tool of imperialism"—their imputation when men like Eqbal Ahmad and Noam Chomsky insist that Iraq's invasion should be denounced, just as U.S. war plans should be resisted. The Bonkerists are having their demonstration in Washington on January 19. People interested in a broad-based peace drive should go to the one organized by the National Campaign for Peace in the Middle East on January 26.

Panama Deferred

I had said I would conclude this week a report on the issue of casualties in the U.S. invasion of Panama a year ago but got carried away by the Bonkerist issue and the collapse of the GATT talks. Next column, I promise.

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WATCHING RIGHTS.

ARYEH NEIER

The exclusion of *New York Times* reporter Steven Erlanger from Indonesia for insulting the country's head of state and the interference with the distribution of *The International Herald Tribune* for its circulating of Erlanger's *Times* story maintain a tradition—by now well established in that country and in a good many others—of censoring journalists who expose the wealth acquired while in office by heads of state and their families.

Erlanger's story discussed the spectacular fortunes that have been amassed by President Suharto's children and other relatives through businesses associated with government projects. The article mentioned the President's wife, Siti (Tien) Hartinah, known sometimes as Mrs. Tien Percent, and quoted an unnamed Indonesian as saying, "We've moved from the generation of 10 percent to the generation of 20 percent." Erlanger pointed out that whether Suharto, now 69, steps down in 1993 after more than a quarter-century in power may depend on concern that his children's interests might not be secure under a successor.

Knowing the Indonesian government's record, Erlanger was probably aware that his article would cause a furor. On April 10, 1986, an Australian newspaper, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, had published a front-page story on what it called the Suharto family "billions." In reprisal, almost the entire Australian press corps was excluded from Indonesia for up to two years. Two correspondents from the Australian Broadcasting Corporation were even pulled off a U.S. government press plane that accompanied President Reagan on his "Winds of Freedom" tour of Southeast Asia in 1986 and put on a flight to Tokyo by the Indonesian authorities. The fact that Erlanger will soon complete his tour of duty in the *Times*'s Bangkok bureau before reassignment may have influenced his timing, thus maintaining another tradition. Robert Trumbull, who covered Asia for the *Times* for many years, published an account of "mysterious killings"—the Indonesian Army death squad murders in the early 1980s of about 4,000 suspected criminals—after he had retired and his career did not depend on his returning to Indonesia.

In light of several recent upheavals in which popular anger over the acquisitiveness of state leaders and their families has played a role, it is clear why the Indonesian authorities attach such importance to accounts of the Suharto family's wealth. Although the student uprising in China in the spring of 1989 is generally labeled a "democracy" movement, it was also an anticorruption movement. The business success of the son of Deng Xiaoping and of the children of other leaders had become increasingly known in China as control over the circulation of information had loosened. Scientist Fang Lizhi earned the special hatred of the Chinese authorities when he traveled abroad in the fall of 1988 and was interviewed by the Hong Kong press that circulated in China. Asked whether it was true that Chinese leaders and their children maintained overseas bank accounts, Fang said that he lacked personal knowledge of this but that it was widely believed in China. An angry Deng publicly demanded that Fang be prosecuted for those remarks. I was in Beijing at the time and recall the headline in *The South China Morning Post*, a Hong Kong newspaper available at my hotel: "Deng furious over Fang's accusations."

The Chinese uprising failed, but many others that were fueled by resentment over the wealth acquired by heads of state and their families have succeeded since the ouster of Marcos from the Philippines and Duvalier from Haiti nearly five years ago. In Eastern Europe, the former dictators who have been dealt with most harshly have been those who enriched themselves the most. When Nicolae Ceausescu was overthrown and summarily executed just a year ago, he had been completing a palace for himself in Bucharest that is three times the size of Versailles. One approach to the palace is a broad avenue lined with apartment houses built to a standard of luxury otherwise unknown in Romania. These were completed a few years ago but stood empty when I visited shortly after the overthrow, apparently because Ceausescu had not given the word as to who was to inhabit them. The expenditures on these projects were undertaken in years when the country's previously renowned agricultural bounty and its oil were being exported to repay the national debt while Romanians went hungry and froze in winter for lack of heating fuel. Though pikers by comparison with Ceausescu, the rulers of East Germany and Bulgaria, Erich Honecker and Todor Zhivkov, also plundered the treasuries of their nations, but this was hidden from public scrutiny. The revelations following their overthrow provoked the public into demanding that they be prosecuted.

In Africa, probably the richest head of state is Zaire's Mobutu Sese Seko, whose wealth is frequently estimated at $5 billion. Exposés of how he piled up such a fortune are, of course, impermissible in his own country, as is the case with the wealth of Somalia's Mohammed Siad Barre, or Kenya's Daniel arap Moi, or the Ivory Coast's Félix Houphouet-Boigny (who built a basilica larger than St. Peter's in his hometown, and responded to critics by saying that he paid the $180 million cost out of his own pocket). Closer to home, such Presidents of Mexico as Luis Echeverría and José Lopez Portillo completed their six-year terms in office as fabulously wealthy men, yet the ostensibly free press in that country has generally avoided discussion of how they got that way.

As the Erlanger episode demonstrates, it is not only the domestic press that is subject to pressure. Probably the reason that there has been little scrutiny by the foreign press of the wealth acquired by Kenya's Moi, for example, is that Nairobi is where most journalists who cover East Africa are based; their lives would be made very difficult if their visas were revoked. Yet the international press is far less vulnerable than local journalists, whose publications can be shut down and who often suffer violent reprisals when their reporting strikes a nerve. Articles such as Erlanger's could be published about many heads of state. Where are they?

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policy in January 1988 in the "National Security Strategy of the United States," when he stated that U.S. nuclear targeting policy "places at risk those political entities the Soviet leadership values most: the mechanisms for ensuring survival of the . . . leadership"—in other words, the Soviet command, control and communications network for waging war.

On October 1 Margaret Thatcher felt the need to respond to her own Dugan when the *Observer* reported that British troops being sent to the Persian Gulf had been given the go-ahead to use nuclear weapons to respond to an Iraqi chemical attack. Thatcher stated that she "knew of no authority" for the press report, but she did not deny the option: "You'd have to consider at the time, if chemical weapons were used against us, precisely what our reply should be," she told CNN at the United Nations children's summit. "We have to be ready for any contingency." Ten days later, Foreign Secretary Douglas Hurd told the Cairo newspaper *Al-Ahram* that an attack by Iraq would "provoke a response that would completely destroy that country."

Numerous American officials have also threatened Iraq, using language that is normally reserved only for the most dire (read nuclear) options. Any use of chemical weapons by Iraq, the President told the press, "would be dealt with very, very severely." On August 14 Cheney told departing troops at Fort Stewart, Georgia, that "it should be clear to Saddam Hussein that we have a wide range of military capabilities that will let us respond with overwhelming force and extract a very high price should he be foolish enough to use chemical weapons on United States forces."

Still, as absolute as these statements sound, no one in Washington seems to think of them as nuclear threats. No connection has been made with former President Jimmy Carter's warning in January 1980, after the Red Army invaded Afghanistan, that "an attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States" and "will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force." Since conventional defense was thought unfeasible, everyone took his statement to mean that the United States would use nuclear weapons if our Persian Gulf oil supply was threatened. The big difference, however, was that the President was referring to a threat from the Soviet Union, a nuclear-armed opponent.

Because America's nuclear planning effort during the past forty years has been focused almost exclusively on the Soviet Union, the presence of 500 nuclear warheads with U.S. forces in the Middle East seems unremarkable to U.S. officials and military observers. A *Los Angeles Times* report stated matter-of-factly in October that Navy ships in the region have nuclear bombs and cruise missiles but concluded that "Navy ships customarily sail with nuclear weapons, and their presence is not meant as a threat to use them, according to military authorities." But our nuclear complacency and our belief that we're not going to use nuclear weapons don't mean that Iraq dismisses the nuclear option or understands the intricacies of our nuclear policies. It is doubtful that Saddam reads our military field manuals or studies the scores of volumes on U.S. nuclear strategy and doctrine. Nor is it likely that he understands that we don't dispense nuclear threats today as much as we used to, or that we have a policy not to use nuclear weapons against him. What is clear is that Saddam has taken notice of U.S. (and Israeli) nuclear capabilities, and he has made numerous references to them in conversations with journalists. On August 23 Iraq's chief delegate to the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty review conference in Geneva charged that U.S. forces had brought nuclear weapons into the region. Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz has stated that Iraq would use chemical weapons only if the United States attacked with nuclear warheads.

Thus the mere presence of nuclear weapons, and our refusal to forswear their use, constitute a danger. An all-out ground war, and even the more limited "precision-bombing" campaign favored by some, could touch off Iraqi moves that might not otherwise be under consideration if a threat to use nuclear weapons didn't exist. Much has been said about the Iraqi chemical arsenal and Saddam's use of chemical weapons against Iran and the Kurds. President Bush has taken the position that Saddam "never possessed a weapon he hasn't used." But Saddam's willingness to use chemical weapons against the United States is by no means clear, given what the military consequences could be. The use of nuclear weapons by the United States is not one of those options, but if Saddam believes that it is he could be provoked into using his own weapons of mass destruction. The presence of our nuclear weapons, therefore, might actually put American and allied forces at a disadvantage.

And if Saddam acts out of confusion about the nuclear possibilities in an upcoming war, it is because the U.S. government's practice is to keep nuclear deployments and operations secret. Some people believe that ambiguity is one

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MONEY AND DEMOCRACY

The Myth of an Independent Fed

BERNARD D. NOSSITER

As the economy sinks deeper into a slump, the Federal Reserve Board, governor of the nation's money supply, makes feeble gestures of disapproval. Interest rates are sliced in cheese-paring steps; a token cut in required reserves swells profits for big banks by $1 billion. The Reserve resists economic expansion with all its considerable force. Its chair, Alan Greenspan, a onetime follower of Ayn Rand and more recently a stock tipster on Wall Street, concedes that jobs, incomes and output are falling. But he fears that if he does anything useful—swiftly increasing the money supply, sharply lowering interest rates to spur borrowing—things will get worse. In the Fed's world, rising prices are always worse than falling jobs or output.

Greenspan serves a critical constituency: the nation's large commercial banks. Since the Fed was established in 1913, his predecessors have also recognized that their allegiance is to the big commercial banks, the giants like Chase, Citibank and Manufacturers Hanover, which collect tens of billions in deposits and make tens of billions in business loans. They alone are secure in the knowledge that no matter how recklessly they behave, whether in loans to Latin America or in real estate, the Reserve will always bail them out of their folly, turning on its money spigot to rescue them, if not the economy.

The Federal Reserve System was created by the big banks (Woodrow Wilson was merely an adventitious midwife), and they have never lost their grip. Nelson Aldrich, father-in-law to John D. Rockefeller Jr., was its key architect, and he and his fellows proposed that it be run entirely through regional banks, completely in the commercial banks' grasp. Such a proposal might have been approved today, but populist pressure at the time led to the creation of a seven-person board—now Greenspan's board—with overriding authority. Since some of its members are tame academics, this was a concession to popular control. So was the granting of an ex officio seat on the board to the Treasury Secretary. But that was too democratic for the bankers, so the Treasury Secretary lost his seat. Since board members serve a luxurious fourteen years, no elected President can interfere with anything so important as the creation and liquidation of money.

Today, the commercial bankers maintain their grip largely through their selection of a majority of the directors of the twelve regional banks and their control of five of the twelve places on the vital Open Market Committee. Every few weeks, this powerful body determines whether credit shall be eased or tightened—whether bank reserves, the basis of loans, shall expand or contract. Greenspan's board fills the other seven seats on the Open Market Committee. The bankers and academics on the board mostly echo the commercial bank view.

All this might be a mere curiosity, another example of a regulatory agency captured by those it regulates, except that the Reserve is in a serious business. No agency is more powerful in the economic life of the country. The central bank, with appropriate support from taxes and government spending, can literally determine prosperity or misery, inflation or deflation, boom or slump. Flood the banks with the Fed's high-powered money reserves, and a boom is triggered, even inflation and high employment. Starve the banks, as the Fed in its wisdom did at the bottom of the Great Depression, and business, incomes and jobs wither.

Greenspan, like his notorious predecessor, Paul Volcker, piously claims that he merely responds to the broad needs of the economy. William McChesney Martin, the Fed chair in the Eisenhower-Kennedy era, characterized the policy as "leaning against the wind." That simply isn't so. Fed chairs try to direct the economy as Greenspan did this fall when he urged deflationary cuts on the Congressional budget negotiators in return for some easing of credit. Since his advice came at the start of a slump, Greenspan was prescribing precisely the wrong medicine. In the same way, Volcker threw the country into its worst postwar recession in 1980-82. He actually persuaded President Carter to accept political suicide on behalf of some higher economic good.

"I'm the guy who spoils the party by saying, 'That's enough,'" one former Reserve chair boasted. This is neat but deceptive. The Fed does not simply curb monetary excess; it executes the narrow agenda of the commercial

Bernard D. Nossiter's latest book is Fat Years and Lean: The American Economy Since Roosevelt *(Harper & Row).*

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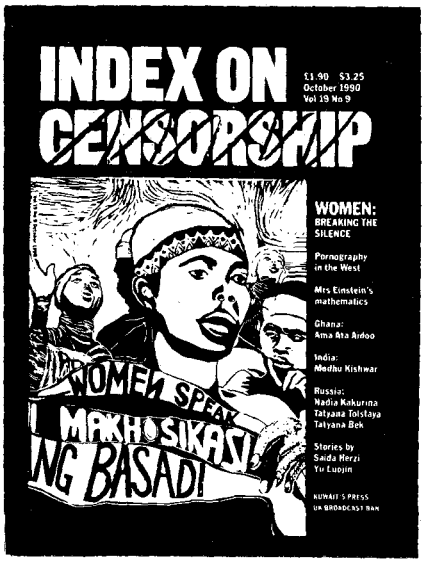

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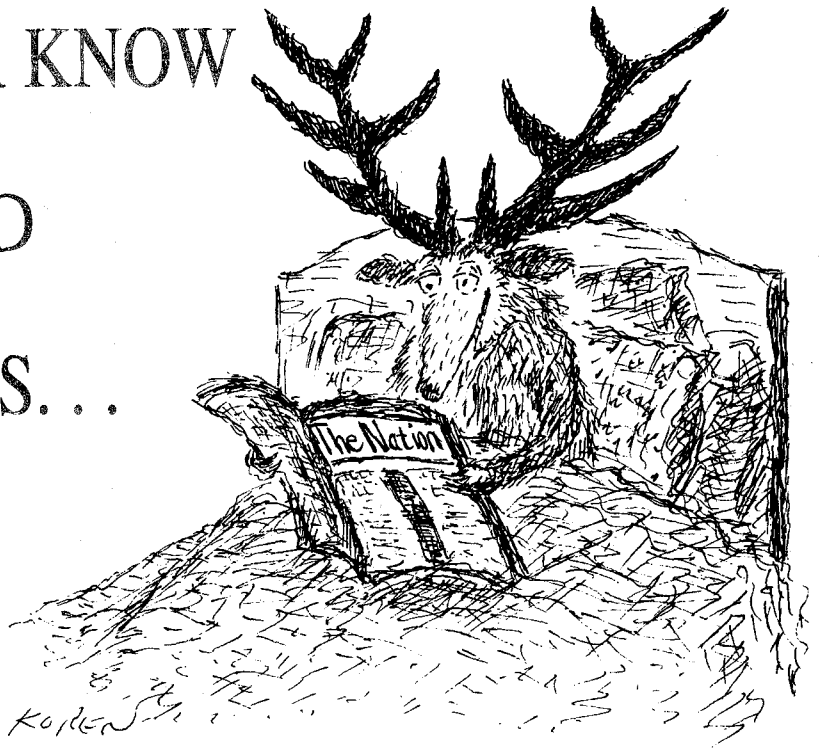

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masturbated sperm and implantation of the zygote in another. And to call pregnancy and childbirth "nurture" seems a feeble way to describe the sharing of the body and the risking of health, well-being and even life itself that is required to bring another life into existence. Like "parenting," another fashionable buzzword, "nurture" is a bland social-sciency word that belittles a profound relationship and masks the role of women in gender-neutral language.

The picture of pregnancy as biological baby-sitting has many sources. It's as old as Aeschylus, who had Athena acquit Orestes of matricide in *The Eumenides* on the ground that mothers are merely "nurses" of men's seed, and as new as those ubiquitous photos of fetuses seeming to float in empty space. But its major proponents today are the anti-abortionists. In order to maximize the claims of the fetus to personhood, they must obscure the unique status of the pregnant woman: She is not making a person, because the fertilized egg already *is* a person; she's only caring for it, or housing it, or even (as one imaginative federal judge recently wrote), holding it captive. Ironically, the movement that claims to celebrate motherhood is led by its own logic to devalue the physical, emotional and social experience of pregnancy. If unwanted pregnancy is just an "inconvenience," how serious an occasion can a *wanted* pregnancy be? If mass adoption is the answer to 1.6 million annual abortions, how strong can the ties be between mother and newborn? When ethicists fret that professional women may resort to gestational surrogacy to avoid "putting their careers on hold," they betray more than antiquated views about the capacities of pregnant women to get out of bed in the morning. They reveal their own assumption that pregnancy is a trivial, empty experience with nothing positive about it except the end product, the genetically connected baby. They then compound the insult by attributing this view to a demonized fantasy of working women—cold, materialistic, selfish, corrupted by "male values"—that is, those held by the ethicists themselves. Is there any evidence that working women—even MBAs, even lawyers—see pregnancy this way? Who do the pundits think are mobbing infertility clinics and signing on for donated eggs? A couple needs two incomes just to pay the doctors.

Why is the primacy of genetics so attractive? At the moment, genetic determinism is having one of its periods of scientific fashion, fueling the fear that an adopted baby will never "really" be yours. At the same time, hardening class distinctions make the poor, who provide most adoptive babies, seem scary and doomed: What if junior took after his birth parents? It's not an accident that sperm donors and now egg donors are largely recruited among middle-class professionals—they're not just white, they're successful and smart—and that the commercial aspects of the transaction ($50 for sperm, $1,500 for an egg) are disguised by calling it a "donation." You can buy a womb because wombs don't really matter, but if the all-important DNA must come from a third party, it should come as a gift between equals.

The main reason for our love affair with genes, though, is that men have them. We can't get all the way back to Aeschylus, with man as seed sower and woman as flowerpot (although we acknowledge it in our language, when we call women "fertile" or "infertile," like farmland). Women, we now know, have seeds too. But we can discount the aspects of procreation that women, and only women, perform. As the sociologist Barbara Katz Rothman has noted, Judge Parslow's decision follows the general pattern of our society, in which women's experiences are recognized to the extent that they are identical with men's, and devalued or ignored to the extent that they are different. Thus, Mary Beth Whitehead won back her parental rights because the New Jersey Supreme Court acknowledged her *genetic* contribution: Baby M was half hers. And the postmenopausally pregnant, egg-donated women achieve parental rights by being married to the babies' fathers, not through their own contributions.

Of the two practices—actually a single practice with two social constructions—gestational surrogacy is clearly the more repellent, but to see its real meaning it must be looked at with egg donation as its flip side. Taken together they bring pregnancy into line with other domestic tasks tradi-

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Living With Conflict

VIVIAN GORNICK

DOROTHY HEALEY REMEMBERS: A Life in the American Communist Party. *By Dorothy Healey and Maurice Isserman. Oxford University Press. 263 pp. $22.95.*

Fifteen years ago I interviewed Dorothy Healey for a book I was writing on American Communists. Here's a bit of how she looked to me then: "Slim and graceful at sixty-two, a cloud of gray-blonde hair atop her small head, deep-set gray-blue eyes, aristocratic nose and mouth, she smokes cigarillos, wears work shirts and corduroy trousers, drinks coffee from a cracked mug, speaks in a cigarette-husky voice rich with humor and intelligence, and lives in a bad neighborhood in Los Angeles in a two-room cottage whose floors are sagging from the weight of the 2,000 books that line its walls and doorways and overflow onto its Salvation Army furniture. She waves her hand toward her books—eventually, she sold the collection to a university—and says, 'They're all I own in the world. It's either them or welfare.' "

Dorothy Healey was for twenty-five years head of the Southern California Communist Party; during much of that time she was a member of the national board as well. In 1951 she was indicted under the Smith Act. She spent six months in prison, and lived for years believing she would spend another five behind bars.

In 1956, a week before the results of the Soviet 20th Party Congress were made public, a meeting was called in New York and Khrushchev's de-Stalinization speech was read to the party leadership. Of that meeting Dorothy said, "He began to speak at seven o'clock. At eight I began to cry. I sat there, silently weeping, until eleven o'clock. Then I took a plane back to California to tell my people that we had made a great error in learning to depend upon anyone but ourselves."

In 1973, after years-long quarreling, she left the party because of the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. The American Communist Party had remained blindly pro-Soviet on this, as on every other issue. She felt, at last, that to struggle from within—as she had been doing since 1956—was useless. "The Party," she said, "is an obstruction to Communism."

The question to ask a woman like Dorothy Healey is not, Why did you leave? but, Why did you stay so long? Any honest answer to this question would have to include the sentences: I could not give up the power. I could not give up the structure. I could not walk away from the only identity I have ever had. But those sentences alone would not explain Dorothy Healey.

Although she had been born into the movement, and had been in the Young Communist League since the age of 14, it was the California farm labor strikes of the 1930s that made her a Communist. The party sent her down to join and help organize the fruit pickers of the Imperial Valley. She was 18 years old. She went to the valley expecting to stay only a few months; she stayed for four years. In the Imperial Valley Dorothy experienced what Orwell experienced in Spain, and it was as unforgettable for her as it had been for him.

"The years with the fruit pickers became a world within the world," Dorothy said fifteen years ago, "a microcosm of feelings that never left me, not even when I left them. I lived with the pickers, ate, slept, and got drunk with them. I helped bury their men and deliver their babies. We laughed, cried, and talked endlessly into the night together. And, slowly, some extraordinary interchange began to take place between us. I taught them how to read, and they taught me how to think. I taught them how to organize, and they taught me how to lead. I saw things happening to people I'd never seen before. I saw them *becoming* as they never dreamed they could become. . . . Desires, skills, capacities they didn't know they had blossomed under the pressure of active struggle. And the sweetness, the generosity, the pure comradeship that came flowing out of them as they began to feel themselves! They were—there's no other word for it—noble. Powerful in struggle, no longer sluggish with depression, they became inventive, alive, democratic, filled with an instinctive sense of responsibility for each other. And we were all like that, all of us, the spirit touched all of us. It was my dream of socialism come to life. I saw then what it could be like, what people could always be like, how good the earth and all the things upon it could be, how sweet to be alive and to feel yourself in everyone else."

Orwell wrote out of the same emotions in *Homage to Catalonia*. The experience made each of them passionate. Because of Spain he could not forgive the Soviets their transgressions. Because of the Imperial Valley she could forgive the Soviets anything.

"I've had three husbands," she said fifteen years ago, "slept with more men than I can count, borne children, had political power, and known the incomparable thrill of hearing ten thousand people cheer when I spoke. But I tell you, those years with the fruit pickers were the very best years of my life. Nothing since has even remotely touched them. No love affair, no Party power, nothing can compare with what I felt then among those people during that time of struggle. . . . It was for that, for the memory of that time, that I hung on. For that I lived with the narrowness and the stupidity of the Party. . . . The great sweep of Marxist revolution had that image-memory of the Thirties woven into its fabric; that fabric wrapped itself around the dailiness of political life, Party life; when the twists and turns of that daily life grew confusing you pulled that fabric closer around you, felt its warmth coursing through you, and you said to yourself: '*This* is what I am.' "

After Dorothy said that, she stopped talking. Neither of us spoke for a long moment. Then she said, "That's not exactly true, is it? The dailiness is what you are, and there is always the danger that you will become what you are . . . isn't there?"

Dorothy Healey Remembers is her own account of her forty-five years in the Communist Party. It was organized by the historian Maurice Isserman out of thousands of interview hours conducted for the explicit purpose of producing this book. True, Isserman prodded her memory and he sprinkles the pages with bits and pieces of commentary and documentation meant to enrich the context, but

Vivian Gornick lives and writes in New York City. Her most recent book is a memoir, Fierce Attachments *(Farrar, Straus & Giroux).*

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War and Remembrance

GABRIEL MOTOLA

THE HEALER. *By Aharon Appelfeld. Translated by Jeffrey M. Green. Grove Weidenfeld. 220 pp. $16.95.*

ANTON THE DOVE FANCIER: And Other Tales of the Holocaust. *By Bernard Gotfryd. Washington Square Press. 175 pp. Paper $7.95.*

In describing their experiences of the Holocaust, Elie Wiesel and Primo Levi, whose respective nonfiction works *Night* and *Survival in Auschwitz* are among the most graphic and powerful documents detailing the horrors of camp life, reveal through their tone and content a profound sense of loss and dread. Along with Anne Frank, whose recorded experience in her *Diary* attests to the incomprehensible terror inflicted even outside the death camps, Wiesel and Levi are the chief chroniclers of the Holocaust, their works widely translated and read throughout the world. Among the lesser-known authors describing their experiences are Isabella Leitner, whose *Fragments of Isabella* details her existence in Auschwitz, and Jiri Weil, whose powerful and influential novel *Life With a Star* records the shift from passive endurance to active survival during the Nazi occupation of Prague.

The testimony given in fiction to the Holocaust by writers is not limited to those with direct experience of the events. In fact, in America such writers as Leslie Epstein, in his *King of the Jews*, which probes the tyranny of power in a Polish ghetto, and Cynthia Ozick, in her impassioned novella *The Shawl*, set in the United States after the war, have felt the need to grapple with a subject that admits little light or hope. In this context, the novels of Aharon Appelfeld, whose reputation is steadily growing, are recognized for their complexity in describing the despair, the pervasive hopelessness, just before and just after the Holocaust. They are thus similar in tone and style to Primo Levi's nonfiction accounts of his camp experiences. Bernard Gotfryd, on the other hand, evokes the felt sorrow of the Holocaust while retaining a sense of adventure, an atmosphere of naïve innocence wherein good may yet triumph over evil.

Gabriel Motola, a novelist and critic, is preparing a book of his essays on the literature of the Holocaust.

What Levi calls a "constant search for goodness even in the most extreme cases" is what makes Gotfryd's work an important addition to the literature of the Holocaust. In his tales, accounts of actual persons and events whose dramatic intensity and narrative style may mistakenly lead one to believe they are fictional, Gotfryd fans the spark of the human soul that the Nazis' evil could not fully extinguish—even in a few of themselves. (In one of those serendipitous moments of literary history, incidentally, it was Levi who urged Gotfryd to write.)

In the first few stories of his incisive and poignant *Anton the Dove Fancier*, Gotfryd seems intent on resurrecting from his hometown of Radom, Poland, people and events from a past that also contained laughter and decency. In "The Wedding Picture" and "The Violin," for instance, hardly a mention is made of the impending catastrophe but rather of how the German occupation forged new bonds. In "Masha," however, the first tale to refer directly to the brutality of the Nazis, the adolescent Gotfryd discovers the body of a dead mute girl who'd been abused as a child and of whom he first had sexual, and then tender, fantasies. In "A Chicken for the Holidays," a tale of initiation, Gotfryd describes risking his life to bring home a live chicken for the High Holy Days. Just before he reaches his home he is forced to kill it, to prevent its clucking from being heard, since any Jew caught with a chicken would be executed on the spot. But because he killed it, the chicken could not be made kosher; it was not fit, therefore, for consumption. When the teenaged Gotfryd points out to his mother that this is wartime and that surely God would forgive them for eating an unkosher chicken, his mother replies: "In wartime or peacetime . . . we're a people who must abide by the laws, or else we'll cease to be a people."

In upholding his mother's injunction to continue to obey the law, regardless of how terrible the consequences are, Bernard Gotfryd focuses attention on those who, Jew or Gentile, Pole or German, regard themselves as members of a civilized society whose fundamental tenet—contrapuntal to the Nazis' desecration and abasement of it in every way—is the respect and value of all its citizens. In fact, in Gotfryd tales such as "Kurt" and "Helmut Reiner," we learn of a couple of compassionate SS soldiers who in effect risk their lives to save Jews whom they had befriended. Helmut Reiner (who is forced to kill a mother and child, the consequent guilt of which leads him to suicide after the war) is thought of as "decent and courageous at heart" by a Jewish couple whose lives he had saved, despite the fact that he is a member of the Gestapo.

That is not to say that Gotfryd puts a gloss on the horrors he experienced and the responsibility he feels in exposing them to the world. In fact, in "The Last Morning," a particularly moving tale, he describes the last morning he spent with his mother before she was deported, the execution of his grandmother and the betrayal of his brother and himself to the Gestapo. He writes what his reaction was to seeing the body of his grandmother on a horse-drawn cart, which carried other bodies as well: "No dictionary in the world could supply the words for what I saw. . . . [A]ll these years I've been talking and telling, and I'm not sure if anybody listens or understands me. I myself am not sure if I understand."

If, like Gotfryd, one can never be sure of understanding the Holocaust, one can nevertheless be grateful that men and women like him continue to bear witness. Straightforward and lucid, his prose captures the nuances of everyday life lived under a sword of Damocles, finding even in that life the occasional act of heroism and decency that helped to sustain him through the atrocities that history, as it presents us with more recent but certainly no less devastating catastrophes, is in the process of burying.

A victim himself at the age of 8 who escaped from a concentration camp, Aharon Appelfeld bears witness less to the personal suffering induced by the Holocaust than to the social and spiritual conditions within the Jewish communities, particularly those of the Carpathian Mountains of Eastern Europe where they spoke Ruthenian and Yiddish, as preparations were being made for their extermination. Like Levi, Appelfeld employs a style whose simplicity is freighted with anguish that a more complex and abstract diction could not bear. In such novels as *Badenheim 1939*, *To the Land of the Cattails* and *For Every Sin*, rather than treat the camp experience itself, Appelfeld details with devastating insight not

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After reaching home, emotionally and physically drained from the stay in the mountains, Felix discovers that his Gentile housekeeper, who thought he would not be returning, has hung two of her religious pictures over his bed. Despite his exhaustion, Felix musters the energy to pluck them from the wall and fling them out the window into the garden below. He does so, it seems clear, not as an act of defiance but as an assertion of his Jewishness and its laws, which, in contravention of the decadence and lawlessness that are already pervading the dead land, give meaning to life. "That act," so concludes *The Healer*, "accomplished with his last strength, prostrated him on the pillows like a corpse, and he immediately sank into sleep." In that final image of this most richly satisfying work, having himself been the healer of his estrangement from his people, Felix can be seen not only as one corpse among the 6 million but also as a man strong enough to willingly cast his lot with those 6 million. □

A Blizzard of Images

DANIEL HARRIS

AIDS Demo Graphics. *By Douglas Crimp, with Adam Rolston. Bay Press. 141 pp. $12.95.*

When ACT UP held its first rally in 1987 against Burroughs Wellcome for gouging PWAs with its expensive prices for AZT, it seemed an implausible, even fanciful, form of activism—at once campy, brash, shrill, hilarious and pragmatic. It appeared to herald the resurgence of a style of militance perfectly tailored to the unsavory realities of the 1980s—the collusion of federal agencies and pharmaceutical companies, for instance, or the unconscionable procedure of using placebo-controlled studies to test drugs on the terminally ill. As the casualties soared and the Reagan Administration repeatedly shelved issues like education and funding, ACT UP became the ultimate grass-roots organization, a coalition of people literally fighting for their lives to obtain experimental drugs entangled in red tape by a government whose agenda was quickly revealed by its inertia and inefficiency.

Three years after ACT UP strung up Food and Drug Administration head Frank Young in effigy, the organization has lost its reputation for practicality and innovation and has been pilloried for its demagogy everywhere from *The New York Times* to *The Nation*. In *AIDS Demo Graphics*, a self-styled "do-it-yourself manual" on how to make effective visual propaganda in the fight against AIDS, two of ACT UP's most outspoken members, Douglas Crimp and Adam Rolston, squire us around on a pictorial tour of the coalition's history, revealing in the process its strengths and weaknesses. From the book's dedication (to "the memory of the thousands who have died because of government inaction in the AIDS crisis") the reader encounters an accusatory style symptomatic of one of ACT UP's most disturbing traits: its insistence on deriving a moral etiology of a disease it systematically refuses to accord the status of a natural catastrophe, a viciously fortuitous event whose virulence the government has certainly exacerbated but which it by no stretch of the imagination caused. In part, the naggingly tendentious quality of this summary of three years of AIDS activism in New York is perfectly deliberate; the book is conceived as an antidote to conventional media images of the epidemic, as an attempt to wrest the representation and discussion of AIDS out of the hands of corporate oligarchies and place them into those of the people directly affected. To this end, the authors present detailed lists of the movement's specific demands along with intelligent discussions of the origin and purpose of such signature graphics as the "Silence=Death" logo or the notorious subversion of a Benetton ad in which there is a rivetingly erotic transposition of the models' sexes. The book also provides a number of inspiring examples of the way the organization has attacked public figures like John Cardinal O'Connor, who led a disgraceful campaign to force the National Conference of Catholic Bishops to rescind its decision to grant a limited exception to the church's traditional ban on contraceptives for purposes of curtailing HIV infection. ACT UP memorialized his actions in a subway poster called "Know Your Scumbags," which portrayed the simpering O'Connor in his liturgical headdress next to the baggy sheath of an enormous unrolled condom that echoed in latex the exact shape of the cardinal's face hooded in its miter.

And yet despite the strength of the dozens of powerful images presented in their illustrated history, Crimp and Rolston, like the organization itself, allegorize and anthropomorphize the disease by depicting what is essentially a biological accident as the very incarnation of institutionalized racism and homophobia. At times, as they make their very reasonable allegations of appalling federal indifference and mismanagement, they talk about AIDS less as an illness than as a magnificently executed hate crime on a genocidal scale, as if government officials and the far right were more culpable agents than HIV itself. The furious invective into which their arguments are constantly capsizing—like the discussion of the Nazi death camps in the first chapter—should be seen not just as an example of the sort of impassioned rhetoric the disease has inspired but as part of a continuum of reactions to AIDS by a culture all too willing to moralize disease. In this sense, the vision of genocide presented side by side with the book's attractive reproductions of posters, crack-and-peel stickers and T-shirts is the flip side of the right wing's vision of the epidemic as the wages of sin. There is an eerie identity of purpose between the way both the left and the right have scripted AIDS, encouraged the American public to interpret it in moral terms and endowed it with their own damning partisan legends, whose dissemination Crimp and Rolston, as well as the evangelical extremists with whom they share the misguided impulse to assign blame, promote with their inflammatory sloganeering.

Graphic art plays a much more crucial role in ACT UP's tactics of informing and mobilizing the American public than it does in any other recent social movement (to such an extent that the loose federation of so-called "affinity" groups comprises several artists' cooperatives that effectively function as freelance ministries of propaganda). It is thus appropriate that Crimp, an art critic, and Rolston, an artist, chronicle the coalition's aims and achievements by providing what is for all intents and purposes a *catalogue raisonné* of the images

Daniel Harris's essay on AIDS obituaries will appear in Break the Fatal Silence: The AIDS Crisis and Criticism *(University of Toronto Press). Other essays by him will be published in forthcoming issues of* Salmagundi, The Antioch Review *and* The Michigan Quarterly Review.

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figuring dimension of Titian's work to one who visits the spectacular exhibition of his work at the National Gallery in Washington (on view until January 27). But that perhaps shows the degree to which our concept of drawing differs from the concept of *disegno* in the vocabulary of cinquecento critical discourse. So perhaps before entering the show we might reflect on the turbulence created by the introduction of Venetian criteria of painterly excellence into Florentine consciousness, which was clearly threatened. Giorgione, Titian's model and effectively the inventor of the Venetian strategy, is described by Vasari as having held that "to paint with colors only, without any drawing on paper, was the best mode of proceeding, and most perfectly in accord with the true principles of *disegno*." But it is clear that Giorgione was changing the meaning of that latter word, and in effect redefining the act of painting itself, by eliminating preparatory designs and beginning directly with color. Vasari objects to this way of going about things: "To give order to his compositions, and arrange his concepts intelligibly, [the artist] must first group them in different ways on paper, to ascertain how they may all go together; for the fancy cannot fully realize her own intentions unless these be to a certain extent submitted to the corporal eye, which then aids her to form a correct judgement."

The Florentine paradigm would involve a careful planning of the work, which stood to the preliminary drawings as a piece of architecture does to its plans. One would not, after all, just begin with bricks and mortar and see what sort of building emerged. The Florentine was systematic, rational, computational, and in fact it seemed altogether natural that the same skills that enabled one to be a painter could as easily have been put to the ends of designing buildings. Venetian art, by contrast, seems spontaneous and romantic, full of risks and unanticipated triumphs, open to revisions, sudden inspirations and an almost erotic engagement with the painting, rather than subject to some imposed cold artistic will. The Venetian painting is summoned out of pigment, and it really is difficult to imagine Titian as an architect, approaching structures in the same spirit as that in which he approached painting, which in Venice became a different sort of art. If we were to look to sculpture for comparison, the Florentine would be a carver, removing excess marble to reveal the form within, awaiting release like an im-

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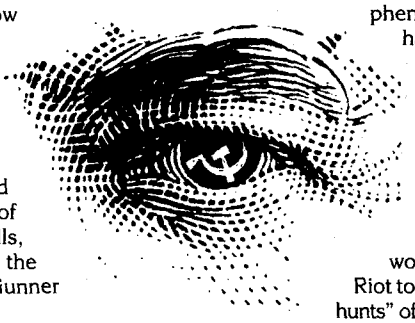

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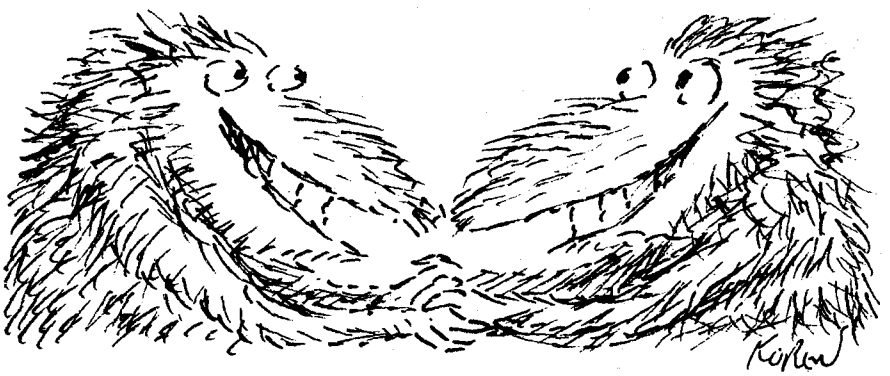

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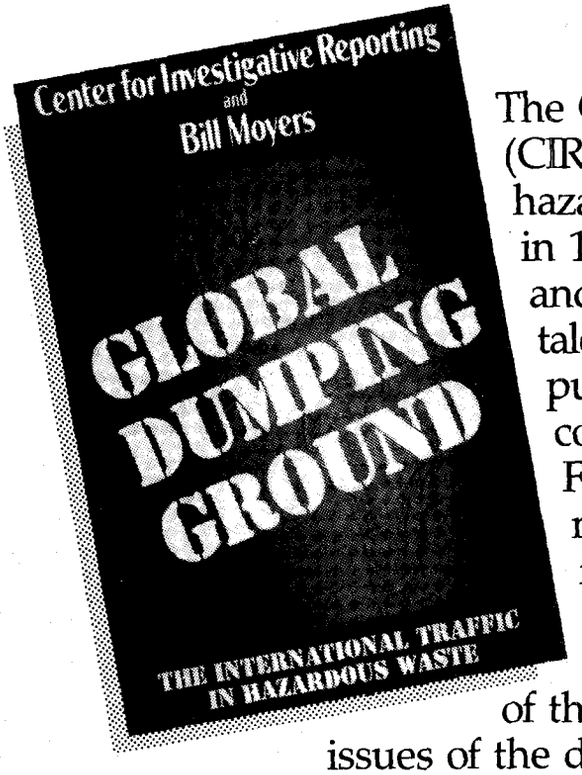

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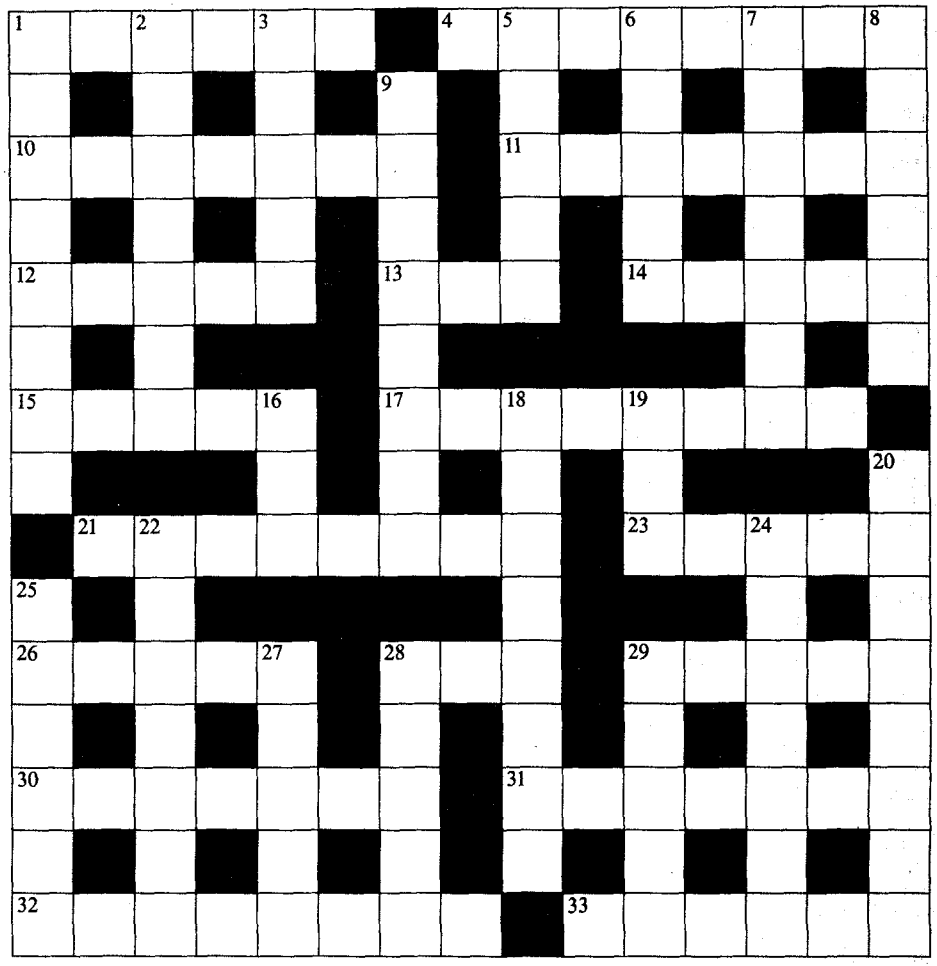

ACROSS

1, 13 and 25 down With a so-called feast, a person makes merry nowadays—as the one "coming out" might. (6,4,5)
4 Musical? Oh, this is in India! (8)
10 A winter might be considered bad with such comparatively crude service! (7)
11 One such as Erato is found, of course, in bed. (7)
12 A large number commonly roam in the woods. (5)
13 See 1 across
14 Would one expect to find such a philosopher on the porch? (5)
15 A very light animal, obviously . . . (5)
17 . . . and a supposedly seasonable one, sometimes associated with a colorful proboscis. (8)
21 What some housekeepers have to pay is about relief, perhaps—such things smell! (8)
23 Your gauge might read it without 28, when heartless. (5)
26 Doc sounds like a good example. (Peer, too.) (5)
28 and 16 down Precede in favor of oneself! (6)
29 Put an acid in the bulb, or I can't see it. (5)
30 It's only relative in what people take when sleepy—you might find them by the plate. (7)
31 It might be murder with an example of a war that had a very expensive charge. (7)
32 Like a fox around a diet that's obviously wrong—in a manner that's firm. (8)
33, 6 and 7 down In the final analysis, conditionally on what the door might read, regains consciousness with force from behind. (2,4,5,2,5)

DOWN

1 and 22 down Prepare the table in model fashion? Paragons do! (3,1,4,7)
2 Hurried? Continue it's 'cross the bay from 4. (7)
3 Lower what a player might try to get on balls. (5)
5 Go slow, Mabel! It's wrong! (5)
6 and 7 See 33 across
8 Carry away tar with a pipe? (6)
9 Concerned with what they were looking for, as regards the Nile and part of the country's wealth. (8)
16 See 28 across
18 Work together, not exactly certain to get a square type. (Bury a small state in New England?) (8)
19 One might be cast with one on it—or as many as six. (3)
20 Almost all yachting might be poor on holidays at first—but it looks pretty as a flower. (8)
22 See 1 down
24 Evidently one came up quickly. (7)
25 See 1 across
27 It may be different if red potatoes are cooked this way. (5)
28 Such oil is obtained as a byproduct of fermentation when the electrical safety device has a number. (5)
29 Short fiber made from this? (And loud hors d'oeuvres!) (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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